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THE NEW YORK HERALD was founded by James Gordon Bennett in 1835. It remained the sole property of its founder until his death, in 1872, when his son, also James Gordon Bennett, succeeded to the ownership of the paper, which remained in his hands until his death, in 1918. THE HERALD became the property of Frank A. Munsey, its present owner, in 1920.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1922.

Christmas Eve.

This is the children's night. Of all the nights in the year it is the only one on which children, who are notoriously interested in everything—including things they shouldn't be inquisitive about—are all concerned with the same subject.

This year, as it occasionally happens, there is a sort of double Christmas. For when the eve falls on a Sunday father is home and the house takes on the appearance, and much of the spirit, of the feast day itself. There is no escape for the parent except flight, and no flight except to cold golf links. The wise man stays, listens and renews his youth.

No night is so mystic as this. It contains the essence of centuries of expectancy and belief. Does the nightingale sing until morning? Do the cattle kneel at midnight? If the children believe they do, they must. And as for that saint who fares abroad under no stars but those of Christmas Eve, this will be a blank planet when no ear listens for the rustle of his pack in the chimney.

Let no father fool himself with the thought that the world has changed. There are children in Washington and Warsaw, in Melbourne and in Metz who do not know about the war but who know about Christmas Eve and what happens in its still and holy hours.

So, in the name of that childhood which keeps alive the faith, let no so-called head of any house dare to dodge an inquiry to-day or flee before the whirlwind of excited youth.

France for Naval Disarmament.

If pressing debates upon the budget and foreign affairs can be got out of the way the French Chamber of Deputies will be called upon early in 1923 to ratify the naval treaty which was formulated at the Washington armament conference. M. POINCARÉ, speaking to the Foreign Affairs Commission of the Chamber, has pledged his Government to support ratification of the agreement.

Much of the criticism of the naval agreement was due to irritation engendered by controversies over land armaments and submarines, and it was confined almost entirely to specialists and politicians. The people of France, despite her large sea coast, the growth of her colonial possessions and the fine traditions of her sea history, take but little active interest in their navy. The presence of Germany at the eastern gate has always made of the fleet a neglected second line of defense. Politics in the past tinkered the navy at both ends. Arsenals and dockyards were, and still are, permeated by extremist labor agitation, while officers, drawn from ancient Breton and Norman stock, cling to old traditions of French sea glory, without being too much concerned as to the political régime under which that glory was obtained.

Washington, as M. POINCARÉ frankly admits, calls for no sacrifice from France. She could not, if she would, build capital ships for some years to come, and the absence of a large building program will give her a good chance to improve the training of officers and men and to grapple with the problem of disorganization in naval establishments on shore.

Criticism of the agreement has come from M. MANDEL, one of M. CLEMENCEAU'S political offspring, and from M. GUERNIER, an important moderate member of the Chamber, who is reporter of the Foreign Affairs Commission. It is based upon France being placed on a naval level with her Latin sister Italy. In moments of international tension France is sometimes likely to look upon Italy more as a stepsister than as a sister, and even when the political sky is fair she likes to make it clear that she considers herself to be at least the eldest of the family.

The feeling that France should be the biggest Mediterranean naval Power undoubtedly exists, but it is not so strong as to imperil ratification of the Washington agreement when that agreement has the support of M. BRIAND, the leader of the Government which preceded M. POINCARÉ'S, and M. TARDIEU, the bitter critic of the present Cabinet. Debates may be hot, but the result cannot be doubted.

The Tomb of Tut-Ankhamen.

The finding of the tomb of TUT-ANKHAMEN at Thebes is to the world of archæology and art what the discovery of gold in California was to the fortune hunter. It is unexpected, rich and believed to hide even greater historic wealth than is visible. It is not as epochal as the unearthing of the Rosetta Stone, which let the modern world read the surviving manuscripts of ancient Egypt, but it surpasses the discovery of the tomb of THOTHMES IV. It is as if, forty centuries after the decay and disappearance of New York, a scientist from Tibet should lay bare some wing of the Museum of Natural History or of the Metropolitan Museum of Art and place its treasures at the disposal of the students of A. D. 6000.

None could read Lord CARNARVON'S description of the entrance of himself and the American Egyptologist HOWARD CARTER into this treasure house without a thrill. Even those without reverence for the mysterious past must have marveled at the story. There, in the huge antechamber of the royal tomb, preserved against the tooth of time during thirty centuries by the dry air of Egypt, were all the luxuries which followed a Pharaoh to his final resting place: throne and chariot, beds and chairs, boxes and vases, statues and paintings. The robbers who looted the sacred place centuries before the Christian era had taken, it would seem, only the huge vessels of gold and silver. What loot must have been theirs when they could leave such a remainder! Yet they passed over what the scientist of to-day most desires.

No discovery in all the record of Egyptian research goes so far as this one to confirm the belief that Egypt in the eighteenth dynasty reached the artistic summit beyond which it never passed. This, the time of TUT-ANKHAMEN, was the high tide of civilization along the Nile. The King himself was no great figure in the royal procession that ran from MENES to CLEOPATRA. We remember him as a son-in-law of the heretic AKHENATON who would have destroyed the numerous gods of his people and given them sun worship instead. TUT-ANKHAMEN, the heretic's almost immediate successor, not only restored the temple at Karnak but put up new monuments to the old god Ammon. Small wonder that the priests piled such riches in his tomb!

Lord CARNARVON remarks that he doubts whether any former discovery exceeded this one in point of magnitude. Indeed, the inventory of the riches uncovered reads like pages from RIDER HAGGARD—gold and silver, ebony and ivory, porcelain and alabaster, carnelian and turquoise—except that no novelist could have imagined such extrinsic wealth as that which has been rescued from the royal necropolis of the Theban Empire. The throne is "one of the most wonderful works of art ever found." Nothing that can approach the four alabaster vases ever came to light before. These are only examples in a wilderness of gifts laid as a tribute to the autocrat of an empire in the days of its greatest wealth and its finest workmanship. Possibly a few of the treasures will come to New York and we shall see some masterpiece that stood sentinel for thirty centuries at the door of a dead Pharaoh.

Mingled with admiration for the Englishman and the American who made such a great rent in the veil between past and present are thoughts of wonder and regret. There is the tomb of an emperor. There is the evidence of the high plane of civilization his people had attained. But the civilization and the people—they are not here. Why is it that the Egyptian is dust while the Angles, the Saxons, the Celts and the Gauls, who were wild men in the European forests when the Egyptian proudly surveyed his record of thousands of years of civilization, rule the bigger and better world of to-day? The people of the Nile Valley were established in religion, in the arts, in government and in social usage five centuries before CONFUCIUS. They had progressed in writing, architecture, art, astronomy and mathematics. They had public libraries, schools, women's rights, even sports, in the days of TUT-ANKHAMEN. Thebes was the intellectual center of the world; and now it is a ruin upon which Arab lads fight for the tourist's alms.

The climate was one of the causes of Egypt's rise and fall. It solved easily the problems of food and clothing. The Nile watered and fertilized the fields beside it. Population, prosperity and wealth followed, but on their heels came despotism. Under the dead hands of superstition and the tropics individual ambition could not live. Science and the arts were pursued not for their own sake but for material advantage. Egypt became great, rich and satisfied with itself. Its land and its toiling people could have supported happily a Pharaoh and even paid for golden chariots to put in his tomb. But bureaucracy rose and swarmed. The State became the center of all things—and the State was the King and his bureaucrats. The priests dared not expand their theories of moral culture. The physicians were ordered to stick to the old medicines. The architects feared to do what had not been done. The people, bowed with taxes raised with the whip to support the huge body of officials, toiled from dawn till darkness. They stopped hoping and thinking.

And when a people stop hoping their government is lost. When men do not hope they have nothing to fight for. After progress came to an end in Egypt, just about the time of the reign of TUT-ANKHAMEN, the land of the Nile was ready to be the prey of the outlander. What cared the people if Libyan or Assyrian, Greek or Roman, came to conquer? They would not fight back. The color and the speech of a bureaucrat are nothing to a tax ridden people. And there was no reforming the bureaucracy of the Pharaohs. Even DAWES could not have done that; indeed, MOSES himself had failed and fled, taking with him a people who, while they have no rulers' tombs like that of TUT-ANKHAMEN, live on.

So, while the world pauses to reflect that a Declaration of Independence or a stimulating New England climate might have saved the glories of the Egypt that is reflected in the treasure found in the Valley of the Kings, let it not put the blame on TUT-ANKHAMEN. He could not know that Egypt had stopped moving or that it is the people that make the State. He was a king and the son of a king and bound by the customs of centuries. Let the explorers step lightly when they pass from the rooms of treasure into the chamber where doubtless the Pharaoh himself lies in his royal sarcophagus. Let them not ask him why he did not free his people from the rule of the taxeaters lest he say "Have ye no bureaucrats yourselves?"

Too Much Meat Eating.

The American per capita consumption of meat for 1922 is announced by the Department of Commerce at more than 150 pounds. Just think of it! One hundred and fifty pounds a year for every man, woman and child in the country!

When it is considered that small children eat no meat at all; that taken as a whole women eat little meat and that large numbers of our foreign population are almost abstainers from meat, the consumption by those who may be called typical American meat eaters is altogether too much. It is too much, whether the Department of Commerce figures include bone weight as well as flesh weight. It is too much, as measured not only against what the people of other countries, even meat eating countries, consume but against what the American people themselves found was an adequacy of meat consumption during the war.

In 1908 the per capita consumption here was nearly 171 pounds a year. Two years before the world war began it was down from those figures to 164 pounds. But in 1917, when the nation was denying itself indulgence in meat and many other things that there should be an abundance for those who were fighting the war for us, the per capita consumption in this country fell to a little less than 132 pounds.

No argument can be sustained that the American people were not better off physically and probably mentally when in 1917 they were averaging a per capita meat consumption nearly forty pounds below that of ten years before. Yet since then their meat consumption has been rising again. It got up to 144 pounds in 1920, to nearly 145 pounds in 1921, and now, as just announced for 1922, it is more than 150 pounds, or an increase of more than eighteen pounds over the 1917 figures.

This per capita increase of eighteen pounds a year in five years may mean for the typical meat eater thirty-six pounds; it may mean fifty-four pounds, and that would be an increase of almost a pound a week. The total per capita consumption of 150 pounds may mean for the typical meat eater 300 pounds; it may mean 450 pounds; and that would be a pound and a quarter for every day in the year.

Compare this American meat consumption, compare any of our records with the meat eating race of Great Britain, where even before the war the per capita consumption was only 130 pounds and where in 1918 it fell to eighty pounds. And Germany, where before the war it was 117 pounds and down in 1918 to twenty-five and one-half pounds. And in the land of sturdy Hollanders, thrifty souls but good livers, it was no more than seventy-eight pounds before the war and in 1918 below twenty-three pounds.

The people of this country eat far more meat than is good for them.

Coddling Criminals.

Sir BASIL THOMPSON, formerly the head of Great Britain's famous detective bureau familiar all over the world as Scotland Yard, told the Daughters of 1812 and their guests Friday that in his opinion the relatively high crime rate in the United States is the result of application to criminals of the indeterminate sentence and parole systems, under which a man imprisoned for a crime may gain his freedom after a comparatively short period of incarceration. This criticism of the treatment of criminals here is not new. Again and again Americans have protested against the coddling of thieves and ruffians. Sir BASIL'S condemnation adds the opinion of a disinterested and experienced authority to the mass of informed opinion in disapproval of maudlin sentimentality in the administration of justice.

THE NEW YORK HERALD has consistently denounced the abuses that notoriously free from jail men whose records show them to be implacable enemies of society. In several cases that have come to public notice in this city it has been shown that hard, intelligent, persistent work by the police, the District Attorney and the judiciary in sending dangerous lawbreakers to prison have been made practically useless for punishment and example by the operation of the parole system, while even if a man is kept inside prison walls in too many instances he is treated in a way which makes him believe the lawabiding population is more to blame for his plight and his evil deeds than he is himself.

Where punishment for crime is uncertain, where criminals are coddled, where the emphasis in administration of the punitive system is laid on the welfare of the offender and not on the protection of honest men, where punishments are erratic and indeterminate, there crime will flourish. Where punishment for crime is swift, sure, stern and determined, there society will fulfill best its duty to its lawabiding members.

The New College Man.

The Chief of Police in New Haven is puzzled by the change which has come about in Yale students during the last twenty years. Around 1900, he says, the New Haven Police Department arrested on an average 200 students every college year. Nowadays arrests are rare. Only an occasional false alarm of fire or a theft of a traffic sign is attributed to the pranks of students.

The change which Chief SMITH has noted is not peculiar to Yale. It is true of colleges and universities generally in all parts of the country. Nor is the improved behavior of Yale and other university students difficult to explain. It is surprising that the chief, from his long and intimate acquaintance with the sons of Eli, should not be able to provide the explanation himself.

Twenty years ago, though even that date is a bit too modern, the student's chief concern, outside his hours of recreation, was his studies. He might neglect them assiduously, as he often does now, but with the exception of athletics, then much less elaborately developed than to-day, there was little to occupy him. He was somewhat younger in years than he is now, also, and that had some effect on his behavior.

To-day your typical university junior or senior is a man of affairs in his college world. He sits upon innumerable committees; he supports a burden of business responsibilities affecting the college papers, the athletic teams and a dozen other things. What time has he to go stealing signs and committing the other pranks he was formerly expected to commit? Not as much time as John Jones has when his secretary informs you that he is in conference. If he has a few minutes left after the demands of his busy world have been met, he needs them to have a go at his assignment in psychology.

Student activities, as the faculty call them, have multiplied ten times over since the days when sign stealing was the thing. Undergraduate Yale to-day has neither the time nor the surplus energy for that.

New York's Growth.

No vision seems sufficiently penetrating to foresee the extent to which New York may develop. No estimate of possible expansion ever seems to attain the dimensions of the actual achievement. When horse drawn traffic crowded Manhattan Island to its shores there seemed little hope of relief until the automobile arrived. It looked then as if the traffic problem had been solved. How enduring that solution was the present congestion has shown.

Every department of metropolitan life grows in this intensive way. Experience has not yet brought the foresight which would enable the city builders to plan on a scale providing room enough for the future. Who thought when theater building began on a large scale that there would come a night with eight new plays and others to follow in the same week?

When alert impresarios sought to edge in their enterprises and found available in New York's crowded musical week only Sunday with a few hours free from the offerings of other music makers, did they ever think that there would be a Sunday with eleven concerts—genuine musical performances, not the kind once called sacred because they were as secular as the managers could make them? In addition, the usual number of variety shows and motion picture theaters made their bid to the public.

Such manifestations of New York's unforeseen capacity for growth may be unessential, but they prove how rapidly and inscrutably development in every line may take place here.

Coue, born poor, won three college degrees.—*Newspaper headline.*

And with each degree, presumably, grew wiser and wiser and wiser.

One Among a Crowd.

I wandered once into a lonely land,
About me stretched a solitude of trees,
The fearful calm that lay on every hand
Prodded my soul with broken memories;
No human touch was there. The silence blew
From hill to hill as windy mist is blown;
Within my heart a quiet hunger grew;
And in that hour I thought I was alone.

That was not loneliness—since then I know
A solitude beside which that were bliss:
There are no lonely ones, like those who go
Remote, aloof among a crowd like this
Wherein I walk with brave intent to please—
And wound myself upon their sophistries.

HELEN FRAZEE-BOWER.

Arizona.

Arizona! Arizona!
Tucson, Waterpocket,
Bibo, Showlow, Arizona—
Tombstone for a locket.
Here the necktie party
Flourished in its pride,
And the bowie hearty
Swung at every side.
Here you saw the bad man
Making Tombstone gay.
Now the times are sad, men—
Blood has had its day.

Arizona! Arizona!
Saguarro, Snively,
Kymo, Kyrene, Arizona—
Angell, Big Bug—lively!
Down the trail to Angell
As the stars show pale;
Down the trail to Angell,
Ash Fork, Charming Dale.
Puncher sings his ditty,
Slumping, half awake—
Storm Mazatzal City,
Sacaton, Snowflake.

Arizona! Arizona!
Yucca, Chalender—
Bisbee, Arizona,
Where the crushers whir;
Bisbee where the mines are,
Bisbee, Globe, Jerome;
Canyon, where the pines are—
Torrents brawl and foam;
Colorado crashes,
Lapses, leaps and dies.
Phœnix from its ashes
Never had to rise.

Arizona! Arizona!
Horse Tanks, Vekol, Chino,
Arizola, Arizona—
Moqui, Coconino.
Where the redskin flourished,
Tomahawk agleam,
Navajoes, well nourished,
And Apaches dream;
Reservations loll on,
Sentinel, Cochise,
Moo-sha-nah, Mogollon,
Flagstaff—there she flies!

Arizona! Arizona!
Rain Tank, Witches Pool,
Hala, Harqua, Arizona—
Yuma, icy cool!
Yuma, where the thermo
Daily runs amuck;
Gila—monsters squirm, oh!
Mescal, winter Luck,
Bumblebee, Contention,
Bosque, Strawberry—tart!
Skull Valley—needs no mention;
Bill Williams Fork, Banghart!

MAURICE MORRIS.

New York's Record Cold.

The Mercury Thirteen Degrees Below Zero Five Years Ago.

To THE NEW YORK HERALD: Now and then a person will tell of the thermometer down at his house registering from 10 to 15 degrees below zero. I would like to inquire the lowest the thermometer has registered since the Weather Bureau was established in New York and its vicinity.

ARINGTON H. CARMAN.

PATCHOGUE, December 23.

The lowest temperature recorded by the Weather Bureau for New York city and its vicinity was 13 degrees below zero, December 30, 1917.

Our Shipping Costs.

The Seat of the Trouble of the American Merchant Marine.

To THE NEW YORK HERALD: You say editorially:

> The laws of economics work with the precision of clockwork where there is nothing to obstruct the grinding competition of the whole maritime world against the country whose costs, all of them, are higher, and much higher, than the costs of anybody else. That is the seat of the trouble of the American merchant marine.

It may be added that it is also the seat of the trouble of all American manufacturing and agricultural industries which meet the grinding competition of the world. In every industry there is a large wage differential against America. But as a matter of record that differential is not so great against American ships as it is against American farms, mills and factories.

Before the war it cost about 45 or 50 per cent. more to build and equip an American textile mill than it cost to build and equip a like mill in Great Britain or on the Continent. American wages were such that it cost 100 per cent. more to man and operate that mill than it would cost in Great Britain or on the Continent. But the protective tariff, generously equalizing the difference, gave the American mill a chance to live—and it did live and prosper.

Before the world war it cost 45 or 50 per cent. more to build a good ship in America than in Great Britain or on the Continent. Now, thanks to the intensive shipbuilding of the war period, it costs 20 or 25 per cent. more to build an American ship than a British ship of the same type. The Shipping Board is offering 3,000,000 tons of good cargo steamships at $30 a deadweight ton—a price on a parity with that at which similar British cargo ships can be bought to-day, and a price substantially less than the present cost of construction of such steamships.

So far as this Government owned tonnage is concerned American ship owners purchasing good steamships from the board are on even terms with European competitors. On the basis of wage costs of operation American owners of such cargo ships pay $2,500 a month where their British competitors, employing white crews, pay $1,700. The American ship wage of the average cargo steamer is, therefore, 47 per cent. higher than the British cost—in contrast with the American factory where the wage cost is on the average 100 per cent. higher than the British factory wage cost.

Thus it is manifest that a relatively low rate of national protection would equalize the wage costs of the American ship against the foreign ship and give the American a fair chance in competition. The real seat of the trouble of the American shipping industry in overseas commerce is that unlike land industries it has had for more than sixty years no protection at all. Alone of American industries the American overseas ship operates on a basis of absolutely free trade competition with British shipping and the shipping of the rest of the world.

WINTHROP L. MARVIN,
Vice-President American Steamship Owners Association.

NEW YORK, December 23.

The Crab and the Tag.

To THE NEW YORK HERALD: I was very much interested in the letter in your paper of December 18 relative to a crab's long walk.

What I would like to know is how the metal tag remained fastened for three years when a crab sheds its shell every year.

ERNEST F. HAND.

PLAINFIELD, N. J., December 23.

Our Action on German Reparations

The Ability of a Commission to Satisfy France and Settle the Amount Germany Can Pay.

By OSCAR T. CROSBY,

Formerly Assistant Secretary of the Treasury and president of the Interally Council on War Purchases and Finance during the war, who made a survey of financial and economic conditions in Germany last summer.

The loan to Germany and the sea serpent have both had their headlines in the last ten days. Both have gone their way; both in due time will return.

Last spring, when the loan talk was confusing and paralyzing the official mind and the official action in Berlin, I set forth in THE NEW YORK HERALD some of the hurdles that must be taken ere the difficult goal be reached. They are not all covered by the phrase "settlement of reparations" unless one chooses to make that phrase as elastic as self-determination, unprovoked attack, freedom of the seas and such like sheet rubbers of diplomacy. It behooves us just now to turn our attention to the announcement that the German Government has asked, or is ready to ask, President Harding to appoint a commission which shall report upon a sum of reparations that "Germany can pay."

That phrase also means little until it carries with it the length of time within which payment is to be made, date of beginning and scale of annual payments. In the main, however, the idea is a good one. Anticipating some difficulty from France in accepting our arbitration by a governmental commission of the reparations sum to be paid, I proposed in the Berlin press last April that an unofficial commission of persons from countries not directly interested in reparations be invited by the German Government to pass upon their own presentation of their situation and their own proposition of settlement, including such modifications of the Versailles Treaty as they might think necessary for the fulfillment of any considerable undertaking.

The report of such a commission would not be binding upon the creditors of Germany but would have much weight in clearing the atmosphere of the "You are a liar!" poison which now makes sick men both of Teuton and Frank. An unofficial body could have gone to work immediately on the whole nasty mess. For a time this proposition received some serious consideration in Berlin, but the Genoa conference loomed on the horizon and poor Rathenau followed the mirage of Lloyd George's good intentions.

Of course the French Government has learned something and has a less feverish public opinion to deal with since last spring. But ere we pin our faith to the proposed American commission as a solvent of all the difficulties it may be well to consider the matter from the French point of view. Let us not hastily condemn M. Poincaré if he should refuse assent or, while saying yes, attack conditions of difficult fulfillment.

Observe that, as the cables indicate, the Germans expect "a new reparations treaty" to result from the American findings. That seems a simple and sound thought. Alas! nothing is simple that has to do with that marvel of complication known as the Versailles Treaty. The vital question of national security for France is tied up with reparations. Let us see how.

The first lien upon German resources under the treaty is for securing payment of the cost of military occupation of the west bank of the Rhine. If you were called upon to estimate what Germany can pay for reparations you would first have to know whether or not that first charge is to be continued and also its magnitude if continued.

True, you might report alternative figures, one set based upon occupation costs, taken at a sum *x*, and one based upon no occupation costs, and the French might be supposed to make their option between the two. But here comes in another cross-consideration. Quite naturally the French contemplate a settlement as something clearing the way for a loan to Germany, largely devoted to repayment of the sums already expended on German account. Yet prospective lenders throughout the world might say, "No, I don't care to invest my money in an unarmed man against whose head another man holds a pistol night and day. Under such circumstances my prospective debtor would be nervous. He would be too jumpy to work well."

That also seems simple and fairly sound. So, if the French want a settlement in order that a loan may be made would they in fact have an option to accept the reparations figure based on continued occupation of the Rhineland?

Let us look at the matter in another light—always, remember, from the Eiffel Tower.

Suppose the arbitral commission should take the view that German industry could produce and sell an exportable surplus of a given amount with or without the irritating element of foreign military occupation. They would thus take no account of the jumpiness of the situation. In such case the sum available for reparations would be increased by every dollar saved on occupation costs and all other similar charges connected with the execution of the treaty. In other words, what would in one case go to the French War Department would in case of withdrawal of troops go to the Reconstruction Department or to the Pension Bureau.

But what about the resulting military situation? Would not the French army have to be increased in order to maintain a given degree of security against attack if the Rhine be given up as a military frontier? It would seem so. Against this "seems so" it may be urged that the chance of German war making would be lessened by ending one important cause of friction. And so I think. But French thought on this subject has followed the lines of Bismarck's reasoning when the shoe was on the other foot. That practical person said in substance, "We might as well exact a war indemnity and obtain good military frontiers because, whether we do or do not make these exactions, the French will surely attack us again as soon as they feel strong enough."

The Versailles Treaty was certainly inspired by a similar sentiment. If it continues in force among responsible Frenchmen the only logical conclusion would be the maintenance of a larger army after retirement from the Rhineland than the one now on hand. The value to them of a given sum turned over as reparations funds would be correspondingly reduced. Not a pleasant prospect for our late associates in war.

There is one item of German indebtedness which must be disposed of before any estimated or realized exportable surplus can be devoted to reparations payments. That is the very considerable sum now overdue for occupation expenses in the past. Disregard for the moment any question of future occupation. Take our own case. The American people own by virtue of our treaty with Germany a claim against her Government for a large sum—more than two hundred million dollars as I recall it. We have with other claimants for occupation expense a priority over reparations claims. Who can waive that priority which is the property of all of us? Not the Administration certainly. The Senate by treaty or the Congress—both houses—by statute. That will take time, to say the least. Yet if not done the first proceeds of a loan to Germany or of a payment from current resources must strictly be devoted to the satisfaction of these occupation arrears.

We and others can of course remove this difficulty, but if not clearly foreseen by all parties it will certainly lead to heart burnings.

Assume, now, the fixation of a sum that Germany can pay and, as one solution, the withdrawal of troops from the Rhineland. Assume further a loan to Germany. It is not in the least probable that such a loan can be as great as the total sum assessed for reparations. The remainder would be witnessed by German bonds in the possession of France and others interested in reparations. They would be easily divided in the agreed ratios. Little would be left of the existing multifarious duties of the reparations commission. Its demise might even be demanded by prospective leaders.

But, if it goes out of the new treaty, will the right of reoccupation of the Rhineland in case of default by Germany on her promises to pay also cease? I mean by this default in respect to bonds given directly to allied Governments—those sold to private investors by the German Government would not carry such a right. This point must be borne in mind by a French Government acting now in so vital a matter. It cannot be denied that even a competent commission may guess wrong as to Germany's ability to pay.

And the Berlin Government, so anxious to make an end of its troubles, may undertake to-day more than it can perform to-morrow. Such has been its bedeviled course so far. Mr. Micawber has imitators among States as well as among individuals.

And a French critic might add, "Mr. Micawber, indeed, gave his I O U's carelessly, but we have no reason to doubt that he was willing to pay when he could. As to these Teutonic notes I believe, with the American commission which is to fix their amount, that Germany can pay; but I am not sure that Germany will pay. Where are my guaranties?" Now, in my opinion, this obsession for guaranties from debtor States may easily be pushed too far for the good of the creditor State; but I feel sure that we shall hear more of them before we get to the end of the serial which has just begun.

There are many other treaty conditions affecting the amount that Germany can pay. Many of these run in favor of all the Allied and Associated Powers. Will Liberia consent to their modification?

But the reader is wearied by a recitation of difficulties. I was not blind to them months ago when I outlined in THE NEW YORK HERALD substantially that which is now under way, and preferred then the unofficial commission only because its work might be more expeditious. The time which I hoped the German Government would not waste has been wasted. Meanwhile the oppressed men in Berlin and in Paris are still stumbling along a thorny path.

For us, patience and charity toward all—even if Poincaré should propose that our claims against his Government should be reduced if our commission should fix German payments at less than some amount named by him. If he does make such a condition the serial story will surely be temporarily interrupted.

There Is a Star.

Once in the silent midnight skies there gleamed
A star that filled the earth with glorious light,
And shepherds on the hillsides were afraid
And wise men journeyed 'cross the land that night.

This Christmas eve there is a star that glows
Although across the night no radiance starts
And floods the world; hid in a little prayer
There is a star of faith within all hearts.

GLADYS BRYANT.

Legend of the Bosporus.

Admiral Farragut and His Crew of 265 Royal Americans.

To THE NEW YORK HERALD: The negotiations for use of the Turkish straits bring to mind a pretty story of half a century ago.

When Admiral Farragut, two years after the civil war, visited Europe on a special mission in the frigate Franklin he desired to pass through the Bosporus into the Black Sea. But he was informed of a rule that no naval vessel was permitted to enter that sea except when there was a member of a royal family on board.

Thereupon the Admiral's secretary called upon the Turkish authorities and told them that on board the Franklin were 265 members of the American royal family, any one of whom might some day become President of the Republic. Then the Franklin was allowed to pass.

R. J.

NEW YORK, December 22.

Christmas Eve.

Day flickers into dusk; the street lamps flower
Like saffron poppies in the heart of night;
The petals of the snow drop hour on hour
Until earth blossoms like a rose of white.
Midnight and silence; calm, cold hills look down
Upon a valley stretching still and far;
Low in the east beyond the little town
Glimmers the Christmas candle of a star.

ELISABETH SCOLLARD.

This Camp Needs Money.

A Chance to Play Santa Claus to Disabled War Veterans.

To THE NEW YORK HERALD: The Veterans Mountain Camp will need $100,000 of new money soon to take care of the building program and operation of the camp for next year. Edwin Gould gave us $20,000 last year. Another friend like this would help to solve our problem.

In this State there are many war veterans who though sick, wounded or disabled cannot avail themselves of governmental aid because they cannot prove that their present disability was actually incurred in line of duty. In order to provide for them the American Legion has founded a convalescent retreat, the Veterans Mountain Camp of the American Legion, situated on Paradise Point, Big Tupper Lake, New York, formerly the summer home of a rich man.

This camp needs money, as it is supported by popular subscription, and anybody who wants to be a Santa Claus to a sick veteran should send a contribution to Charles Pope Caldwell, president of the organization, at 50 Church street, New York.

CHARLES POPE CALDWELL.

NEW YORK, December 23.

Motor Truck Fees.

Not $80 But $375 a Year Proposed for a Ten Ton Truck.

To THE NEW YORK HERALD: I am glad you have taken up the important question of license fees for motor trucks. The motor truck should pay its fair share of road maintenance.

Every railroad president, manager and stockholder knows the serious inroads the motor truck is making on the earnings of the railroads. And why is this so? Simply for the reason you stated, namely, that all a motor truck company has in the way of overhead is hire of driver, gasoline and wear and tear whereas the railroad requires the expensive right of way and the upkeep thereof.

Then too these enormous trucks endanger the lives of pedestrians and spoil the pleasure of those who would use the roads for recreation and to get to and from business in lighter cars. A train of heavy trucks is a blight on the scenery and a menace to life and limb.

As you say, they are a modern necessity, but they should pay their just share of the cost of repairing the tremendous wear to the roads for which undoubtedly they are responsible.

Expert have told me that one ten ton truck with solid tires will do more damage to a road than seventy-five small cars. On that basis a truck should not pay $80 but $375 a year. And even at that rate it would prove a profitable investment to its owner and the State would derive a just return for the use of the public highway.

WILLIAM M. SHACKFORD.

NEW YORK, December 23.

To the Average Man.

The Monument to Captain Hanson at Northwestern University.

From the Chicago Daily News.

Because he played four years on the scrubs and never won a letter, but never gave up.

Because he rated B plus in his classes, but never appeared in a prize list.

Because he never was president of anything.

Because he was not particularly distinguished in dress or dancing, could not play a saxophone, get up amateur theatricals, nor otherwise contribute to the general festivities.

Because he died a hero's death as he had lived his life—without applause—a college president, a General and a representative of a first class world Power unveiled a tablet to Captain David Thomas Hanson of Northwestern University on November 23.

In a ceremonial witnessed by thousands of students men of international importance paid striking tribute to Captain Hanson in his principal rôle as average American citizen. President Walter Dill Scott accepted in the name of the university a ten ton bowlder to which the Hanson Memorial Tablet was affixed. General Nathan William MacChesney pronounced a dedication. A. Barthelemy, consul of France, laid on the stone the Croix de Guerre and numerous citations from French army officers. A bugler blew taps. A regiment of student infantry passed in review.

While the throng that filled the campus stood silent President Scott paid his tribute to the man who was thus selected to represent the great unhonored average.

"Hanson's average standing during the entire college course was B plus," he said. "But he failed to attain a standard sufficiently high to earn for him Phi Beta Kappa.

"He played four years on the scrub team, and never once did he receive applause nor did the cheer leader call his name. But we have a record showing his participation in all important interests during his college career. He volunteered in the war with Spain, which broke out when he was a student here. It ought not to have been a surprise to us in view of his life and career in college and professionally to learn that Dave had done his duty in the world war as unselfishly and heroically on the battlefield as he had done it on this campus."

As the flag was withdrawn the inscription on the tablet was read aloud:

"In honor of David Thomas Hanson, Arts, 1905—Medicine, 1909; Captain Medical Corps, 142d Infantry, United States Army. Cited by the French Government for bravery—'An officer of great courage. At St. Etienne, October 8, 1918, he rushed to the aid of a wounded man and was killed. He was a model of devotion.' Awarded the Croix de Guerre after death. A student beloved by his associates, generous, persistent, self-sacrificing. He gave himself without reserve to his Alma Mater and to his country.

"By the Alumni—November, 1922. 'He played four years on the scrubs—He never quit.'"

The Neglected Persimmon Tree.

From the Odessa (Mo.) Democrat.

Corn, tobacco, beans, potatoes and persimmons are America's great gifts to the world, and only the persimmon has failed to receive due appreciation. Although there were no persimmon trees in Africa, when the black people were transplanted to this continent they ate this new fruit and were content. When they also found the possum growing on the tree and the sweet potatoes in the ground beneath, requiring only grabbin' to make a feast, the black man laughed. The persimmon tree has made the negro a type of humor the world around.